

BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

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ALONE.

In my bosom sorrow reigneth,
Soul and sense are sick with care;
Bitterly my heart complaineth
At the load it needs must bear.
When our dearest worldly treasure
Bring us, sorrowing no relief
Then there are amid earth's pleasures
Hours of bitter gloom and grief.
To restore its wonted gladness,
On the ocean's sleeping wave
Leave Oh hearts, these realms of sadness,
Hope for peace beyond the grave.

A Home-made Sunday School Story.

Two or three years before the war I was younger than I am now, was better looking, fairly glib on the tongue, had lots of fine clothes, plenty of money, and no poor kin. Together with some elegant young ladies and gentlemen I was invited to be the guest of a house in a county of this State that was not Fayette.

In those days when the aristocracy went "calling," they took along their great big leather trunks and spent three or four days. They went in great big carriages the stomachs of which hung down with a storage capacity that beat anything since the days of the Trojan horse.

They were ostensibly intended for only four inside passengers, but they were always jollier when there were two girls and a boy on each seat and the boy was sandwiched between the girls.

Some times the boy was troubled to know what to do with his arms, so as to keep his elbows from both cring the girls.

Some times he wasn't.

The most intimate male acquaintance I ever had was one of the latter kind.

The motor that propelled one of those big carriages was, among the very *creme de la creme*, two big mules.

A big negro man on the "box" outside held the reins and beside him sat a colored woman to wait on the girls.

These carriages left home after an elaborate injunction from the *paterfamilias* to the driver, which John G. Saxe has travestied from Horace.

Parce stimulis utere toris,
A stage direction of which the core is,
Don't use the whip, they're ticklish things,
But whatever you do, hold on to the strings.

The injunction was always observed until the driver got out of sight of "Ole Marster."

The house and grounds that we visited in the instance referred to, was, like Washington, a place of "magnificent distances." The farm, and the yard, and the house were all on a big scale. The dominant idea in architecture in those days had as its model a goods box, with a porch as high as the house and about half as big, that was ingeniously constructed with reference to keeping neither sun or rain off of anybody or any thing.

Had a sort of prophetic architect built a house for a rich Kentucky farmer, like a Lexington architect would now build, one of these Queen Anne chop-logic establishments, the farmer would have thought it fine for the "niggers."

In such a house as the first we have described, large and spacious, and filled with elegant furniture, books, music, family portraits, &c., with negro slaves, male and female, old and young, *ad libitum*, we were entertained. Every meal, set in the most elegant of china, was a *chef d'oeuvre* of the *cuisine*, and nuts and raisins, and fruits, domestic and tropical, sat around in the most inviting *neglige*, in silver services, to be sampled between meals.

But this merely material feature was the smallest part of the entertainment. The host and hostess were most elegant people, and dressed elegantly—"neat and not gaudy," as the monkey said when he had painted the cat.

There were some handsome and happy looking little boys, children of these good people. They were earnestly religious people. The father was a reading and a thinking man, and was one of the first men that I ever heard maintain some metaphysical views that I neither then accepted, nor now accept, but which have now become much more common.

Here the novels place a string of stars, or asterisks, as the printers call them, and begin the sequel with the words, "Years have flown by." I won't infringe on their patent.

The other day a man stopped me on the Court House concrete. He was ragged and dirty, and so thin that he appeared not to have had enough to eat. He said: "Mr.

Moore, I heard some men talking against you, yesterday, and I took your part. I have drunk whisky until I have been in the lunatic asylum. Please give me ten cents to buy something to eat."

This man was one of the boys whose father entertained me as I have told you.

The day before I wrote this, I heard, for the first time, about another one of those boys. He is the proprietor of a gambling house and is just coining money.

From a Grand Daughter of Barton W. Stone.

The following is from the wife of a prominent banker of Kansas City:

Mr. Charles C. Moore.—Many pardons please, cousin dear, for my long silence. Have wanted to write often, more especially since the reception of your interesting papers. I wanted you to know how heartily I endorsed your sentiments in regard to that greatest of all evils, whisky.

I too, am regarded a fanatic in that channel, but think I can survive the odium attached to it.

May God give you strength to live down your assailants and cause them to see the error of their way and the justice of yours. I don't refer to any little personalities, for those I of course know nothing of them, but of the cause I speak. You may expect severe criticism and reproaches from a bum element, but don't let them discourage you. Keep on the even tenor of your way and your efforts will surely be rewarded with success.

I have often wished I was a thousand strong-minded men, I would hurl thunderbolts of reason and logic into the whisky cliques, cause them to see the wrecked homes, blasted lives, bleeding and broken hearts, suicides, clouded intellects, etc., they have caused, and surely the horrible aspect would forever deter them from their diabolical works.

Tis a great and mighty question and will take years to eradicate it; but I firmly believe the time will come when whisky, that fungus growth on humanity, will be a thing of the past.

My husband is anxious to know you and wishes to be remembered.

Lovingly,
MOLLIE T. RIDGE.

The Prohibition Meeting At Louisville, October 23.

The Prohibition meeting at Louisville was a regular old time Methodist love feast. It was simply grand; but I don't want to say anything about it until I can get a whole side of a paper in the next issue.

Hon. Samuel Dickie is simply royal; and Hon. Josiah Harris, Chairman of the State board, is just too ineffably lovely and too too for anything less than a column in Brevier.

And then the money and the schemes we have got to make things go, you better bet.

There's only one trouble about it. I had started out to run this paper the balance of my life, and intend to live until I am seventy-five years old; but in ten years more the whole whisky business will be swiped out of Kentucky, and there won't be any use for a Prohibition paper, and I don't know what I can do the remaining fifteen years. Looks like there's always something to trouble a body.

W. C. T. U.

A word from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to the readers of THE BLADE and Temperance people everywhere, greeting. Temperance sentiment is growing in this State, as shown by figures and facts at the last State Convention, held in Richmond, Ky., on the 1st, 2d and 3d of this month. 26 Unions were represented and 47 delegates present, as against 19 Unions at the last session. Good work was done at the Convention, and good reports from every Department of work all over the State, especially prison, jail and railroad work. It is not usual to think of Temperance work in these Departments, so it is very gratifying to know that good work is being done along these lines. Although the men of Richmond did not take the interest in the work they usually do at State Conventions, the women are wide awake and alert for God and Home; and as the women usually rule, we hope much for Richmond, and if they

should ever get as warm in the temperance cause as they are in hospitality, they will become a power in the land.

Kentucky chivalry and Kentucky hospitality! How I would like to add to this—Kentucky temperance; and then the old Commonwealth would stand second to none in morality.

Hoping for the spread of temperance and the success of The Blade,

ONE OF THE DELEGATES.

Chairman Harris Endorses The Blade.

PADUCAH, KY., Oct. 13, 1890.
Mr. C. C. Moore, Lexington, Ky.

MY DEAR SIR:—By reason of your kindness, and the fact that I am one of those "Fanatics" who believe it is right, and are willing to help to "cyclone" the liquor traffic, not only out of Lexington, but out of the State and the Nation. I have received your Bluegrass Blade, and read, endorsed, and enjoyed it—when on its first, its second, and now on its third legs.

I send you \$2 to pay for my subscription to The Blade, if it only appears one week or fifty-two, it is all the same to me. I love the truth, and find it so seldom in public journals on the liquor question and its methods, I cannot let it slip from me.

You are aware that the Southern Journal has assigned and suspended. I want you to put in The Blade this week a notice that Hon. Samuel Dickie, Chairman of the Prohibition National Convention, will be at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Louisville, on the 23d inst., and all Prohibitionists are earnestly invited to meet him there. Matters of great importance bring him to Kentucky. Can't you be there? I hope you will.

JOSIAH HARRIS.

REV. HIRAM W. FORD Of Georgetown, Prohibition Candidate for Congress from the Ashland District.

Rev. Hiram W. Ford is the Prohibition candidate for Congress from this district, the greatest whisky producing region on earth.

Col. Breckinridge, his Democratic opponent, has lately, as a pure gratuity, and when there was no apparent reason for it in the world, declared himself the friend, ally and champion of whisky, by voting in a minority of 16 to 96 for the enforcement of the Original Package Bill, the purpose of which was to force the liquor traffic back upon the States from which Prohibition, in answer to the prayers of women and the tears of children had driven this, the most accursed of all traffics, the African slave trade not excepted, that ever disgraced Christianity and civilization.

In opposition to this distinguished and brilliant, but misguided man, the Prohibition party offers Rev. Ford, and asks of the public the minutest inquiry, not only into his public record as a loved minister and a successful farmer, but ask an inquiry into the most private details of his domestic life, and his private reputation among the large body of people who know him.

If anybody can find anything in him unworthy a Christian, philosopher, preacher, farmer, politician, business man, neighbor or citizen, all he has to do is to get his proof and send it to THE BLADE, and I will promise to blast him to the extent of my ability; for the Prohibition party can not afford to have for its standard-bearer any man who is not as good as the best of men.

The Prohibition party believes that the private morals, and business success and integrity of its candidates, is fully as important as their intellect, learning or genius. This party puts its candidates upon their record, and it makes their record begin the hour they were born, if not a generation or two before they were born, and that record is never ended until the men are dead.

The election of Hiram Ford over Col. Breckinridge would be worth millions of dollars to the State of Kentucky in business, and billions of dollars in morals and the highest human happiness. It would be saying to the world that the Great Nazarene had again stretched his hand over our sleeping beauty and said, "Tidbit awake," and that this great Commonwealth "Where every prospect pleases and only

man is vile," had arisen to a sense of her dignity, and was shaking from her skirts this loathsome deity which is making her a laughing and a by-word among the nations of the earth.

Men of Kentucky, arise from this. Men of Lexington, remember the August election in your city. Men of Fayette, remember "Dog Tunnel" in August; and women of the great Bluegrass Region, and of all Kentucky, put to the test the boasted chivalry of your husbands, fathers, sons, brothers and sweethearts, and let them vote as you pray, until you have the right to answer your own prayers by the ballot.

Reverend Colonel W. C. P. O. P. B. Breckinridge's Brothers, Judge Robert J. votes for Prohibition.

A Local Option Victory.

DANVILLE, KY., Oct. 7.—Boyle county voted on local option last Saturday, Oct. 4th, and a grand victory for Prohibition was the result, four hundred and ninety majority. Danville, the county seat, has been a local option town for the past fourteen years, the effect of which was manifested in the vote last Saturday. There were about as many colored men voted against license as there were whites for it. The preachers, bankers, and best citizens of the town were not ashamed to be found at the polls battling against the accursed traffic. That "Old War Horse" of Prohibition, Gen. Green Clay Smith, put in some of his best speeches with fine effect. Closing up Friday night at the Court House with such men as G. W. Bain to open a campaign and Gen. Green Clay Smith to close, with Rev. Pearce, Arnold, Martin, Lynch, Gilliam, Stanley, Rust and Hon. Robt. J. Breckinridge to do the skirmishing, what else could have been the result.

A Letter, the Writing of which is in a Lady's Hand.

LEXINGTON, Oct. 13, 1890.
Mr. C. C. Moore:

Will you permit me to write to you? I have been reading your paper, and would like to join you, if I may. Choose ever to do and try what is the most just and the most direct. The world was not made in a day, neither can any one hope to gain what they desire in a day. He who is right and can wait never fails. (And I believe you to be.) All men need the truth as they need water. Truth, the open, bold, honest truth, is always the wisest—always the safest for every one, in any and all circumstances.

Truth is the outward garment of good will, in which a man thinks he can guide others without using it himself. (I know of such a case.)

A truly good man is more than half way to being a Christian, by whatever name he is called.

I hope your paper will be published every Saturday.

Z.

From a Good Old Fayette Farmer.

FAYETTE Co., KY., Oct. 17, '90.
Editor C. C. Moore,

Dear Sir:—I enjoy reading your Blue Grass Blade very much, but cannot subscribe to it, as I take more papers than I can read, having lost the sight of me of my eyes recently. I will be compelled to discontinue other papers when my time expires.

You have my very best wishes for your success, and the success of the cause you are nobly advocating.

God bless you.

Respectfully,
ROBT. McCLANAHAN.

A Sad Letter That Tells its Own Tale.

Lexington, Oct. 10 1890.

Mr. Moore:

DEAR SIR:—I wish I had the pen of a ready writer that I might tell you what an unfortunate woman thinks of your paper. I had one yesterday some one gave me, and when I had read it all over, I said in my heart, God bless that man, he is honest in what he thinks, and not afraid to say so.

I wish I could depict to you my once happy home, where love, joy and comfort were there, and tell you the hell of a home I have now. All because whisky got into it, sold to the inmates

of my house by respectable grocers. No. You don't have to go to saloons to get it, but some of the most respectable best patronized grocers of our town sell it.

Cry aloud! Spare not! You will get your crown yet. I am a poor fallen creature, with nothing to look forward to in this life. Be strong in your convictions, in your pen, and the women of our town, the wives of the worthiest, will reap the benefit.

Sincerely,

The Blue and the Gray meet at the Blade's prohibition.

Dear Mr. Moore:

Am sorry we missed seeing you, as we wanted you to have the encouragement that comes from seeing an old, tried and true and a young Unionist, hand in hand, praying for The Blue Grass Blade. But we do the best we can—we leave our money, \$2.00 each.

W. S. ROGERS
E. B. BLANE.

Wanted—Colored Boy.

A boy about 17 years old, stout and willing to work as porter. Apply at 53, East Short Street.

VICE PRESIDENT MORTON'S HOTEL.

Guests Leaving Because of the Order Prohibiting the Sale of Liquor.

Vice President Morton is a much better man now than he was at any time during the session of congress. His big nose, which has been a source of great trouble to him ever since it was opened last winter, is more than ever troublesome at present, owing to a row growing out of conflicting authority. When Mr. Morton made the mistake of taking out a barroom license last fall he was censured so severely by public opinion that he was compelled to deny responsibility for his own action. A few days ago, yielding to pressure, he issued an order that he would not allow liquor to be sold in the hotel.

This order raised a great commotion among the guests, who could get little satisfaction, owing to the fact that there are two managers of the establishment, each with conflicting views as to what course should be followed. One manager is in charge of the cafe, the other of the hotel.

The Sins of the Fathers.

The Sunday School Chronicle tells the following somewhat startling but doubtless true story: "A temperance lecturer was preaching on his favorite theme. 'Now, boys, when I ask you a question you must not be afraid to speak up and answer me.' When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms and cattle do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not? 'Yes, sir,' shouted a hundred voices. 'Where will your fathers be in twenty years? 'Dead,' shouted the boys. 'That's right. And who will own this property then? 'Us boys,' shouted the urchins. 'Right. Now, tell me, did you ever see in going along the street notice the drunkards lounging around the public house door, waiting for some one to treat them? 'Yes, sir, lots of them.' 'Well, where will they be in twenty years from now? 'Dead,' exclaimed the boys. 'And who will be drunkards then? 'Us boys.' Everybody was thunderstruck. It sounded awfully! It was awful, but it was true."

What caused Mr. Morton the greatest annoyance is the fact that all over the house there are removals of people who signed leases for a year, among the number being Senator Stewart of Nevada, who declares that he will not be longer bothered by the internecine warfare which is daily enacted under his very eyes. Representative Cannon, of Illinois, is another of the disgruntled boarders, and he says he will not renew his lease under any circumstances. Meanwhile the vice-president has his rooms daily invaded by irate guests, who wish to pour out their grievances to him.

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The Great Tax Maker.

There is a complaint about taxes. The great taxes are local taxes, which are wholly under your control. Those taxes are largely imposed to support poor-houses, and those poorhouses would not have so many inmates but for the liquor traffic. It is the liquor dealer who raises your taxes. Ex-Senator Warner Miller in address before Agricultural Society of Delaware county, at Delhi, N. Y., Sept. 4.

The Maine W. C. T. U.

Those who talk about the W. C. T. U. being "demoralized" should read the report of the gains made in Maine the past two years. In 1889 there was a total gain of 633, and in 1890 a gain of 696; total, 1,329. Pretty good for a society that is going to pieces. There are now between three and four thousand members in the state.

Tolstoi's Latest.

Tolstoi's latest crusade is said to be against tobacco and alcohol. It is stated that he has a work nearly ready for the press in which he strongly inveighs against gluttony, and shows in a vivid manner the effect of narcotics and intoxicating drinks on the human system.

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BANKERS.

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A COMPARISON Of Prohibition and the Tariff Question as Political Issues.

As opposed to the Prohibition issue, fraught with every element of public morals and financial interest that could enter into the composition of any political issue, we have offered us by the Democratic and Republican parties the dispute about the Tariff question.

The experience of years of wrangling between these two dominant parties has shown that this question is impossible of adjustment, as between them, and the broadest intelligence upon the subject shows that to the public it would be a matter of supreme indifference whether the question were settled according to the most extreme views of one or of the other party.

To Democratic and Republican politicians, however, it is a matter of the greatest importance, as, having for many years locked horns on this issue, the one that first backs down will appear to have been vanquished, while his opponent is left victorious.

As regards the tariff question, for years, as a matter of convenience, to avoid the necessity of explanation, I have said I was an absolute free trader.

Having the same political policy, and desiring and anticipating the same practical results to everybody except professional politicians and editors, I am an absolute Tariff Protectionist.

The practical results of these extremes are precisely the same. The only position on the subject that necessarily has in it any element of political evil is the present Democratic dogma of "tariff for revenue only."

The first political idea that I can remember ever to have appreciated, was when my father, in talking about the "Missouri Compromise," friend and admirer of Mr. Clay though he was, said, "the very word compromise shows that we are allowing something wrong."

The proposition is so axiomatic in its essence that I will pass it without elaboration.

Mr. David C. Vance, my neighbor, is a man who, like myself, has made his living as a farmer. He has been a Democrat all his life; is not educated in politics, any more or less than I am, but he is distinguished for his possession of a plain hard common sense that arrives at just and accurate conclusions upon political subjects, without going through the technical processes of the logician.

In talking to me, a few days since, he said: "It is plain to my mind that we ought to have complete free trade or complete protection to our home industries, one or the other, and I don't care which."

Mr. Vance is one of the heaviest hemp raisers in the State, and could not see that it was justice to him to put hemp, that he had to sell, on the free list, and make him pay duty on woolen goods, sugar, and the cutlery, that as a farmer he had to buy.

A just political principle will always admit of general application without injustice to anybody. The application of the idea of tariff for revenue only, is, from the very beginning, arbitrary and *ex parte*. The "tariff tinkers" who are intrusted with the making of tariff schedules, have first to determine whether it is right to discriminate between "luxuries" and "necessaries," and then they have to determine which are luxuries and which are necessities. They begin this discussion with coffee and tea, and the combined wisdom of the world could not settle whether those two things are luxuries or necessities. Then comes sugar, then tobacco, and then liquors. Then comes up the question whether or not a silk "gown" is not as much of a necessity for a rich woman as a woolen or cotton one is for a poor woman.

But more important than all this it is to manage this adjustment of tariff rates so as to make the most friends for the respective parties in whose interest the tinkers are working. Evidently as a question of justice, Mr. Vance and his few neighbors that raise hemp around the Blue-grass region, are just as much entitled to protection in their business as are all the sugar growers in the South; but while Mr. Vance and his few friends can be sacrificed with but little damage to the party, anything that would be liable to disaffect the "Solid South," would be too hazardous to the Democratic party, and hence the discrimination must be made against the handful of hemp-growers, to placate the Northern Democracy by a show of protective tariff, and Mr. Vance and his friends have to foot the bills because somebody has to pay the Government debts on the principle of "tariff for revenue only."

If we are to obey the scriptural injunctions of judging trees by their fruit and puddings by chewing the bag, tariff for revenue has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Under this system of arranging for the payment of the Government's current expenses, it has been but a year or so since the treasury was so overfilled with money that all the politicians were racking their massive brains to know what to do with it. Senator Blair, the national champion of Woman Suffrage, said, distribute the surplus, for educational purposes, among the States of the Union on the basis of illiteracy; in which case the South would have gotten the lion's part. But Southern Democratic politicians and editors said that would be an interference with State rights. I heard Editor John O. Hodges, now candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction of this State, oppose the Blair bill on that ground.

But the excess of money had to be gotten rid of, and the "powers that be" arranged to scatter it out among the Union soldiers.

A negro man hired to me soon after the war, and was by me employed for several years, getting first-class wages. He did not intimate to me that he had any bodily disability and I never discovered any. About a year ago he came to me to certify that I knew him to have been wounded and disabled in the Federal army. Of course I could not give him the certificate that he asked for; but as there are always plenty of people to be generous with somebody else's money, and there were pension agents who got paid for finding all such cases, there is little doubt that he got his money.

Senator Blackburn and Colonel Breckinridge were both in the Confederate army. The former had a fearful quarrel with some little Northern Yankee Senator, because the Yankee claimed to be as devoted to the gridiron flag as Senator Blackburn was, and Col. Breckinridge seems never so happy as when he can wrap himself in its folds and apostrophize that piece of buntin.

When these gentlemen had so helped to manage matters as that in two years all this surplus was squandered on these old niggers that helped the Yankees, and Dutch, and Irish to whip them, and had helped McKinley and Mills to put up the tariff 30 per cent on woolens and 50 per cent on cutlery in order to raise more money, they come back to their constituency and with the blandest smiles ask for an endorsement by returning them to their seats at Washington.

If I were going to get up a trusty upon government finance, I can not imagine anything that could excel what the Government has done, and what both of the old parties propose still to do.

Let me illustrate. The Constitutional Convention of Kentucky is now in session in Frankfort. Suppose in the revision they should decide that hereafter the State of Kentucky should raise the money to pay its debts by the tariff principle, and should order to be built custom houses at Louisville, and Covington, and Maysville, and other places, around the State's boundary, and should get up the necessary officials to prevent smuggling into the State, and should adopt Mr. McKinley's schedule as a basis upon which to collect a tariff for revenue only, upon dutiable goods imported into the State, for the purpose of raising the money to pay the State debts. What would be thought of it? Why certainly that they were demented, or more than ordinarily bibulous.

And yet, should Kentucky do that, she should do no more than the General Government is now doing, and there is just as much show of reason in one case as in the other.

If we all personally know that Kentucky can most successfully, and easily, and naturally pay her debts so that all of her citizens can see what is being done, by direct taxation, why can this not be done by the General Government? Then every business man who paid his taxes could see what he was doing. Each citizen would pay to his State officers as he is now doing, and the General Government could require of each State upon the basis of its wealth as determined by the census.

With that kind of an arrangement the General Government could call, each fiscal year, upon the States for just as much as it wanted to pay its debts, and the overfilled coffers of the Government one year would not be followed by a depletion the next year that required a fifty per cent advance in the price of a staple of life.

It is said that when a tariff on imports was suggested as a means of paying the Government's current expenses, the proposers of the scheme said the beauty of it was that the revenue could thus be collected without the people knowing

that they were paying it all the time.

As a business scheme, that is about on a par with the reasoning of a gentleman's servants, that they would be doing no wrong to pilfer from him, so long as the master was kept ignorant of the larceny, as they assume that no man, in any proper sense of the word, can be said to have been robbed, if he never knows about the robbery.

I want to show that absolute free trade and absolute protection would have precisely the same effect upon the people.

Suppose this country to be put under a tariff that would be absolutely prohibitory of foreign competition, what would be the result? Would everything furnished the consumer be advanced in price? Not one cent; because the competition in our own country would make producers sell just as cheap as they could afford to do.

Suppose, for instance, nobody outside of the city of Lexington was allowed to sell shoes in the State of Kentucky. Would a pair of shoes that could have been bought for a dollar the day before the law was passed, sell for two dollars the day after it was passed? Certainly not; for if that were to be the case, there would be forty farmers in Fayette County who would go into the shoe business the next week, because that business would beat farming.

With forty additional shoe merchants in Lexington, all selling a pair of shoes for two dollars, upon which there would be a good living profit at one dollar, how long would it be before some fellow would conclude that he would make more money by selling those shoes at a dollar and three-quarters, by the increased patronage he would get? And when all had come down to a dollar and three-quarters, how long would it be before some one of them, from the very love of gain, would drop his price to a dollar and a half, and so on the competition would force them just as low as they could afford to go. Even if no additional shoe dealers were allowed to come to compete with the present Lexington shoe dealers, the effect would be just the same, for the shoe dealers there now, from the very hope of increased profits, by increased patronage, would reduce these shoes to the very same percentage of profit that they make to-day.

In the Government of the United States we would see the same principle. If a prohibitory tariff should cut off all competition from foreign countries so that any given article of our commerce here would greatly appreciate in value, the people who make that article cheaper in foreign countries would come here to manufacture it. Or if the Government should limit the making of shoes to the shoe-makers now in the United States, from the very day the law passed, shoes would not sell at all higher, from the principle that we have seen in the case of Lexington shoe dealers.

This is the case under an absolute protective tariff, and we have seen that there would be no change in the practical result to the consumer.

Now, suppose we try the experiment of absolute free trade. What would be the result? Cutlery, for instance, would flow in here from England until Henry Diston of Philadelphia, for instance, would have to sell his saws cheaper or shut up his shop. If it proved that Sheffield or Birmingham could make saws for the American people for two millions of dollars a year less than Philadelphia could do it, would it not be wise finance to retire Mr. Diston and his men on a million of dollars a year as a pension, and let them live idle in brown stone fronts, if by the transaction the American people would save a million of dollars annually by buying English saws.

If such a procedure as this would not be doing the greatest good to the greatest number, one of the basal principles of good law, what would it be?

Thus we have seen that the only appreciable effect that any tariff or free trade regulation could have, would be in the instance in which absolute free trade would produce the greatest good to the greatest number.

Next in advantage to absolute free trade is a tariff that would be absolutely prohibitory, and any intermediate ground between the two, as tariff for revenue only, for instance, must involve all the difficulties to which we have referred.

The view of the most extreme Democrat and that of the most extreme Republican would be so nearly the same in their practical workings, that it would not be worth the labor of walking one square to the polls to vote on the question, if a man were certain that his vote would settle it for ever.

Tariff for revenue only is arbitrary, *ex parte*, and *ad captandum*, and a thing to be eschewed by all sound thinkers.

Anybody can see and understand this plain, unvarnished, and com-

mon sense view of the matter. The other day, as I was going into Lexington, I picked up a footman, a stranger, and gave him a seat in my surry. I soon found him to be an exceedingly unsophisticated man, but one of good sense and who commanded a pretty fair English vocabulary.

He asked me if I had heard Col. Breckinridge's late tariff speech in our Court House. I said no. He said he had. I asked him what Colonel Breckinridge said about it. He answered: "I would be a bad judge, sir, to tell you; I could not comprehend it."

The remark was evidently not intended as a sarcasm against Col. Breckinridge, but the man simply meant to express his derogation of himself.

In this matter the Scripture is reversed; the tariff is revealed to the wise and prudent, but hidden from the愚人.

Colonel Breckinridge's mysticism is only explicable upon the supposition that he can not understand as plain an illustration as I have given, or can not understand it himself, he does not want the masses to understand it, and thus gain for himself that admiration that the masses always have for that which they can not comprehend in their fellow man.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that there is absolutely no business interest for the people in the whole tariff question, except the fact that both of the dominant parties propose to rob the people by a compromise tariff, and neither of these parties even claims that there is anything in the tariff question bearing upon morals.

While this is true of the tariff question, it is equally true of the Prohibition question, that as a combination of morals and finance it is the grandest political question ever presented to the American people.

Why I am a Woman Suffragist.

I am satisfied that the average woman has more sense than the average man, and everybody is satisfied that she has better morals, and that's the reason I am a Woman Suffragist.

The other day my sister and I were having a Beatty wire-and-picket fence made between us. One corner stone on the line between us had been covered over with soil. By finding the range of two lines we succeeded with but little difficulty in finding the stone by removing a little soil from the surface. The fence builders had dug a post-hole right by the side of it, and the stone proved to be two feet deep in the ground. It was a very dry time and the ground was very hard.

I concluded to dig up that stone and raise it so that the top of it would appear above the ground. By accident there was lying within two feet of the hole a stone that was the very shape for a corner stone.

In trying to get up the original stone I had dug a hole right by the side of it abundantly deep to put in a corner stone, but was still digging away to get up that last foot of dirt around the old stone, the last foot of course being four times as hard as the first one.

Two white men, fence builders, both Prohibitionists, had taken in the situation and had not suggested to me that I was making a fool of myself. One of the most practical farmers in the country, a Democrat, had looked at me digging away, and seemed to think that I was showing about as much sense as men generally do. Then my wife and sister walked up, and my wife said: "Why don't you put that stone lying on top of the ground down in the hole that you have dug?" and my sister said: "The Bible says you ought not to remove the ancient landmarks, anyhow."

And then I got mad because my wife didn't come sooner and save me some of the unnecessary digging that I had done. I stuck the loose stone down in the hole and the job was done.

Plainly the woman had more sense than the four men, and that's the reason I want the women to vote.

More Sympathy.

NEWCASTLE, KY., Oct. 15, '90.
Editor of Blue-Grass Blade.

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed find a check for \$2, subscription for one year.

I have fought all along the line of Prohibition since 1848, and, somewhat like yourself, have suffered persecution, arson and curses. Hence, I can sympathize with you and all others who are laboring for the right.

Early in the fifties it was my pleasure to attend the Grand Lodge of the Sons of Temperance at Lexington.

May you live to see our proud Commonwealth freed from the curse of corrupt politicians and rum.

Yours,
J. N. CAPLINGER.

A CINCINNATI SUNDAY.

The Commercial Gazette Describes the Way Ohio Works.

A brief description of the state of affairs in lower Cincinnati on Sunday nights, when the beer gardens and saloons are in full running order, was recently given as follows in The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette:

"The theatres were all open last evening, and this had much to do with the gaiety of the crowds and the fullness thereof. Vine street was a blaze of light from Fourth to Fifteenth. The sidewalks were so crowded that slow walking was impossible. One had to keep one's feet on the curb or be jostled out into the street, where every cable car that passed was as full of people as a cane-seat chair is full of holes. All the theatres were crowded, and the brilliant beer halls over the Rhine swarmed with young men and women. There was no disorder. The men and women who make up Sunday night crowds in the town are rarely disorderly. Occasionally a young man who has overestimated his capacity for beer may try to start a row, but he is quickly squelched, and the half pint young woman who fancies her capacity is half a gallon and wants to sing aloud is readily quieted by the police. It is a curious crowd, this Sunday night over-the-Rhine one, and it is typical of Cincinnati, for there is no other city in America where it is to be seen or heard."

It should be remembered that all this was made legal by a Republican legislature.

"Killing Kansas." Yes, Prohibition is killing Kansas. The increase of wealth per capita per last reports is only 49 per cent. Massachusetts' increase is only 5 per cent. Ohio and Illinois have decreased in wealth by 5 per cent. The distillery business and Prohibition are each having its influence, and here they are.

Down in Kansas they have one school house for every 183 population. Ohio has only one for every 390; Illinois, the state of distilleries, one for every 500, while pious old Massachusetts has one for every 600 population. Yes, Prohibition is building school houses all over Kansas, killing the state by educating the children instead of clothing them in rags through the saloon process.

Down in Kansas they have a penitentiary which used to manufacture large amounts of goods. The convicts are falling off until they have only five for every 10,000 population, Illinois eleven, and Massachusetts twenty for every 10,000 population.

Yes, Prohibition is killing Kansas, and Nebraska wants to be killed by the same process. If it is Prohibition that has done all these things (and it is) then give us lots of Prohibition.—Lincoln (Neb.) Call.

A What Is It? By the way, we don't believe there can be any such combination as the so-called "Republican Prohibitionist." A Republican is one who believes in and votes for the principles of that party. A Republican cannot be at the same time a Prohibitionist, because the Republican position on temperance is high license, and high license runs in a diverging line from prohibition and can never meet.

So when a Republican temperance man says, "Here's a Republican-Prohibitionist," it's the best of evidence he is a good Republican, because of his straddling tendencies.

Hint to Nebraska. No matter how many men it takes, no matter how much it will cost; if it costs the liquor trade one hundred thousand, nay, two hundred thousand dollars to fight this battle successfully, the victory will be worth to Nebraska, it will be worth to the whole United States ten times more than it will cost, and the National Protective association should come forward liberally and magnanimously.—Chicago Champion (Liquor Organ).

Nothing to Lose. We never did have any trade in Kansas until the "original package" decision was made, and then we had a Kansas boom. It would not be proper to say that the Wilson bill hurts the brewers or liquor men, as I said before they never did have any Kansas business, and so lost nothing.—Joseph Heim, President of Heim Brewing Company, in St. Louis Republic, Sept. 16.

Literature for the Foreigner. Mrs. Sophia F. Grubb, of Lawrence, Kan., who is the national W. C. T. U. superintendent for work among foreigners, published during the past year forty-eight different temperance tracts in ten different languages.

No more effective work can be done than to get a supply of this literature, and distribute it among our foreign voters.

Take Prohibition Papers. Temperance people would do great service for the cause if they persisted in favoring newspapers that are friendly to the reform. Particularly in country towns we find a carelessness in this regard. The liquor men miss no such opportunity. They willingly stick to the paper that smiles on them and their business, and always make it a point to alight the paper that does the opposite.

From a Kansas Paper. No state in the Union has made so proud a record as Kansas since 1860. We have deliberately driven out of business hundreds of men and made enemies of them and their friends, and yet have gained as no other state except New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois. Lies can't hurt Kansas, now that the census is made up.—Topeka Capital.

Show Their Colors. Sailors and marines in the United States navy are not allowed to wear temperance buttons. Secretary Tracy has been interviewed by the W. C. T. U. representatives and has promised to see if the regulation cannot be amended so as to allow them to wear the button badge adopted by the "military branch" of the W. C. T. U.

Female Candidates. Three women have been nominated for office in New York state. Miss Cora C. Russell was first nominated by Prohibitionists and was then put on the Democratic ticket for school commissioner in Steuben county. Miss C. E. Rogers, of Wirt, was nominated for a like office by the Democrats of Allegany county, and now Miss Mary Mitchell comes up for a like position on the Democratic ticket in the first district of Jefferson county.

RACKET STORE!

11 & 13 W. Main St.

The cool weather will soon be here. We are fixed for it with the largest stock of

FALL and WINTER GOODS

We have ever shown. Underwear for Men at 20, 25, 45, 48, up to \$1.24 each. Ladies Vests at 20, 25, 35, 45, 50, up to \$1.25 each. Children's Vests and Pants at all prices, from 8 cts. to \$1.00 each. Hosiery, all prices and grades. White Blankets, 75, 85, \$1.00, \$1.25, up to \$10.00 a pair. Bed Blankets, all wool, at \$2.50 pair. Full line of Comforts at lowest cash prices. Have just added a full line of Ladies' Black Dress Goods. Plush and Cloth Cloaks. Infants and Children's Cloaks. "Nellie Bly" Caps at 50, 65, 95, to \$1.50. Belts, Girdles, Kid Gloves, Cashmere Gloves, &c. Clark's cotton, three spools for 10 cts; Sewing silk at four cents per spool; Needles and Pins at one cent paper.

J. D. PURCELL.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST FLOUR USE

Cream Extract.

BE SURE TO ORDER THAT BRAND MADE BY

Lexington Roller Mills Co.,

JOS. Le COMPTE, Sec't. & Manager.

Heating Stoves & Furnaces!

Acorn Hard Coal Base Heaters Are Always the Best.

CARBON FAVORITE, a new soft coal BASE HEATER is a fine stove. Our stock must be seen to be appreciated.

"Economy" and "Tropic" Warm Air Furnaces

ARE THE BEST MADE

And sell rapidly. If you want a Warm Air Furnace, get the BEST of us. No charge for estimates. Our stock is complete in all departments, and we sell as cheap as the cheapest. Give us a call.

Respectfully,

VANCE & FEENEY,

20 WEST MAIN STREET.

POPULAR RESTAURANT

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

NOW BEING RE-FURNISHED.

The Phoenix Hotel Restaurant.

Shell Oysters, Game and Everything in Season.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

Best in Lexington. J. H. DAVIDSON, Prop'r.

KIDD & GRAVES,

DEALERS IN

Ornamental, Bronze and Plain Hardware

CUTLERY, GUNS, AMUNITION,

MANTELS AND GRATES, TILING;

Carpenters' and Blacksmiths' Tools, Rope, Chain, Belting, Pumps, Churns, Scales, Coal Vases and Hods, Fire Irons, Bird Cages, and House Furnishing Goods, Hardware and Smooth Wire, and Ready-Mixed Paint.

56 & 58 E. Main St. Telephone 184.

COME AND SEE

OVERSTREET & WILSON'S

—ELEGANT—

New Drug Store,

No 15 NORTHERN BANK BLOCK, SHORT ST.

Where Only First-Class Goods will be Sold in Every Department, at LOWEST PRICES.

PRUDEN'S

Marble and Granite Works,

44 W. Main St., near Broadway.

LEXINGTON. KENTUCKY.

Cemetery Work of All Kinds

Neatly Executed.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Charles Moore
Editor

How I wrote when things were jollier than now.

A young lady of this city has brought me a leaf from her scrap book containing the subjoined story that I wrote for the Press, some years ago, and asked me to republish it.

Hunting for the Keys.

My wife looked worried, and whispered to me that supper was ready; but she couldn't find the pantry key; that she knew the company was hungry, for it was late; that the sugar was in the pantry, and she couldn't have supper without the sugar; and she couldn't find that key; wouldn't I please find it. Certainly, I said, bless her heart, don't be troubled, I'll find it; and I started out quite cheerfully. I looked on the mantle, and the table, and the sideboard. It was very evident that it was not in there, so I said quite gayly, it must be in another room. So I went in the spare room and looked on the bed and the washstand, the bureau and the window seat; went in the parlor looked on the piano and the book-case; up stairs and on all the mantles, and beds and chairs. I came back and asked if she was sure she had had it lately. She said she was certain that she had it fifteen minutes ago. So I looked under the side-board, and under the rug, and under the door mat and the fender. I went in the spare room and looked in the grate, and in the water picher, under the pillows and behind the clock. I excused myself for interrupting the company, but I went in the parlor and looked in the coal scuttle, and in the piano, and in the guitar case, and shook the guitar, and looked behind the pictures, and in the books, and in the flower vases, and shook all the shells. I then ran up to our room and looked in my boots, and in the pocket of my Sunday coat, and then all my clothes, and then all my wife's pockets.

I came back into the dining-room and found my wife and the cook and the house girl and two children all looking for the key. I asked my wife if she was right certain that she had had that key to-day, but she looked so hurt at me that I asked her to forgive me, kissed her, vowed I never would doubt her again, and went up stairs declaring I would find that key or die. I got a step ladder and looked on top the wardrobe, in a hat-box, and a batch of raw cotton; and sixteen paper collar boxes. Then I went in our room and took everything out of my wife's trunk and shook them all carefully, and in the soiled clothes basket, and laid each piece in a separate place on the floor. I looked up the chimney. I went back in the dining-room and stirred in the gravy dish, and ran a fork through the butter, and looked in the match safe, under all the plates and under the beef steak. I went in the kitchen and looked in the cupboard, the cooking stove, the refrigerator, the rat-trap, the coal pile, the cider barrel and rat hole. I came back to the parlor and moved the piano, and the book-case, and the pier table, turned the chairs upside down and looked under their bottoms. I apologized to the company and said we had only misplaced a key a little. They looked very hungry, and seemed truly to sympathize with us. I heard my wife and the cook and the house girl and the two children in the cellar moving cord wood, sheet iron, empty barrels, and flower pots. I got a ladder and went up into the attic, looked under the onions, and on all the strings of red pepper, and then I looked out on the roof, and just to feel sure that I had not neglected any place, I looked down the chimney, and upon the lightning rod. Coming down stairs I met my wife and felt like telling her the key could not possibly be in the house; but she looked so troubled and worried that my heart was touched, and I couldn't say it; but I determined that I would have that key if I had to take up the carpets, and all the loose plastering. So I got the step ladder and looked over every window and door in the house. I got down on the floor and felt all over all the carpets. I looked in the dog's mouth, and down both barrels of my shot gun, happened to think about Major Andre, and felt in my boots. I looked at the baby to see if it looked like it had swallowed anything. I shook the broom and looked in the clock, poured out the ink, and looked in the camphor bottle; then I came to the dining-room and felt inside a

cold turkey with a spoon, looked in my pocket book, blew through my flute, looked up at the ceilings, felt in my hair, and down the back of my neck, looked under the cat, and opened a can of oysters (had to be opened any how), broke open a loaf of light bread, and felt the pound cake (durned thing might have got in the dough). I hated to say so, but I told my wife that I would just have to gove it up, but I told her I would have that door open if I had to blow it open with glycerine. I got a hatchet and a monkey-wrench, and a poker, and a boot jack. I sent to six of the neighbors and borrowed all their keys. I picked out one, and when I went to stick it in that pantry lock there was that key sticking in that key hole.

Needs No Comment.

LEXINGTON, KY., Oct. 15, 1890.

Dear Bro. Moore:—When your paper came out I was actually so delighted, that I was afraid I couldn't sleep the first night for thinking about there being at least one brave man coming to the front to give his mite and might to help put down dissipation; for I had been wondering for years why it was that the good people of Lexington seemed so passive and blind to the terrible increase of saloons, drunkenness and degradation in their beautiful city, and still kept licensing saloon keepers to sell liquor to destroy their children, brothers and neighbors, physically, mentally and morally, for this world, and their everlasting damnation in the next. But they are not blind; they see the danger, they know the awful destruction that has been done in the past, and getting more horrible and hopeless for the future. Still, O, still they fold their hands and do nothing. Great God, are we not somewhat responsible for the present condition of affairs in not doing what is necessary to put it down? Some say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But I say we will know some day, and that not far in the future, what has been required of us. Oh, how can men and women be careless and indifferent when, if they would think and look, they would see the terrible breakers ahead! Some are horrified and tremble, and would do something in the sight of God and man to put down the sale of liquor, and thus save the souls of their children, brothers, neighbors, and stop the heart-rending cries of anguish and despair of drunken wives, but they have not the moral courage to rise as one man, and take by the horns that terrible monster, the saloons. But if there is no beginning made to do it, how in the name of God and man, can it ever be accomplished? For the monster is increasing in magnitude day and night, and is getting more and more dangerous. There is murder lurking there, not far out of sight, and all other vices the Devil can conjure up, for the downfall of human beings who are fools enough to be entrapped.

Why is it men are licensed and allowed to ruin our children? Is it for the want of courage to stop it? And then the elections have much to do with it. How can an election be carried on without whisky, and how can whisky be gotten without money, and where does the money go? It goes to the saloon keepers, the soul-destroyers! Yes, I say soul-destroyers! One who would sell a soul-destroying beverage to man, would cut the heart's blood out of that same man, or any other, for money; and not only that, would see their wives and children waiting for the bread the money in their pockets would have fed and clothed; and not only that, they would see their patrons' wives, after existing in a hell on earth, bereft of reason, screaming in maniacal despair, tearing their hair, going down to the grave, feeling that all earth, and even heaven, had deserted them in their unbearable burden! It seems a wonder that all righteous men and women don't rise up as one man and curse the liquor sellers in their righteous indignation. But vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay." O, men! do saloon keepers believe there is a God, and do they believe that they have souls to save? If they do, or not, they had better look to it, and that speedily, before it is everlastingly too late. In the name of God, good men, wake up to the situation; come to the front; rally as one man and go to work, God helping you, to stop the terrible dissipation and corruption in and around Lexington. Do you know how many saloons there are in Lexington? Just count them. Oh, there are so many it makes you tremble to even think of putting down the monster; and then, too, you think you have some good friends in the liquor business and saloon keepers, and do dislike so much to hurt their feelings. Do they dislike so much to hurt your feelings as to refuse to sell you a (or you either) drink that would send your souls to hell, and then kick you out of

their grog shops if you become a troublemaker? It would be a good thing if all men who make beasts of themselves enough to become drunk, could be kicked out, if it would learn them a salutary lesson; but the saloon keeper smiles so sweetly, how can they refrain to yield him up both soul and body, and are like hogs that return to their wallow, and belong as much to the saloon keeper as if he had them chained. I am old, and could tell of many saloon keepers becoming rich, and their wives flaunting their rustling silks, seal-skirts and diamonds in the faces of the poor, broken-hearted wives of the drunkards, who had paid for their fiery with robbery of his wife and children, and his own soul's salvation. I could tell of many men, accumulating riches for their sons, and the saloon keepers rising on the downfall of those sons, with the very money their fathers had made by toil and economy. Oh, good men, are you willing to make money to support saloon keepers? There is not one man who would refuse to help save a city on fire, when the hungry flames, flying from house to house, seemed about to destroy the whole, and leave many families poor and destitute. But the sale of liquor is worse than a city on fire; for the fire only destroys property; the intoxicating liquor destroys property, makes a brute of a man, ruins his family and destroys his soul. I will close, as this is an almost inexhaustible subject, and my poor, feeble pen can not do it justice.

May God bless you and your efforts for the cause of Temperance, is the sincere wish and prayer of
AN OLD WOMAN.

Responsibility of Stockholders of The Blade.

On October 15 I heard of the first instance of any stockholder who hesitated to pay his stock subscription. He said he was afraid it would lay him liable for debts of the BLADE.

In answer to this I will state the following: The articles of incorporation upon which the stock was subscribed stated that no stockholder would be liable to any extent more than the amount of his stock.

In the second place the articles of incorporation have never been recorded, and never will be, and will be returned to any committee of three gentlemen who may ask for them.

In the third place if any responsibility could attach to any stockholder it would attach at the signing of the stock list, whether he ever paid for his stock or not.

In the fourth place I have already published that any subscriber who did not want to pay his stock would be released. I simply ask that every one who wants to be released may so inform me at once, and I will publish his release or not at his option.

For The Blade.

The Crank's Catechism.

Q.—What is a crank?
Ans.—A crank is a man with a new idea.

Q.—Will you give a more accurate and extended definition of the word?

A.—A crank is an individual who vigorously pushes an idea, new to his generation.

Q.—What is the technical term for crank?

A.—Lunatic.

Q.—Mention names of some cranks, or lunatics, of ancient times.

A.—Christopher Columbus, Galileo, Bruno, Joan of Arc, Oliver Cromwell, Saul of Tarsus, and J. G. Craddock.

Q.—Repeat the names of cranks of a more recent period.

A.—Ericsson, Edison, Eads, Fulton, Morse, Parnell, John Bright, Belva Lockwood, Henry M. Stanley, C. C. Moore, Herbert Spencer, J. G. Chinn, Andrew Jackson Davis, Spenser Reid, and Dr. Mary Walker.

Q.—Are cranks cowards?

A.—Rarely, if ever.

Q.—What is a distinguishing characteristic of cranks?

A.—They wear their clothes and their opinions to suit themselves.

Q.—What did the little boy call another little boy on the street, yesterday, because he would not smoke a cigarette?

A.—He called him a crank.

Q.—Are you afraid to be called a crank?

A.—No.

Q.—Repeat a verse from the Bible concerning persons who would have been called cranks in our day.

A.—"They were tempted, they were seen asunder, they wandered in dens and caves of the earth, of whom the world was not worthy."

Q.—What is the mechanical position in the universe which cranks occupy?

A.—They turn the wheels of Progress for all the ages.

KATHERINE DUNNING CLARK.

WORK WELL STARTED.

CHAIRMAN DICKIE COMMENCES OPERATIONS IN THE SOUTH.

Long Matured Plans Carried Out—Delaware, the Virginias, Carolinas, Georgia and Other States Whirling Into Line—Perfect Organization Secured.

The organization fund still grows, and the Prohibition party may well be congratulated on this evidence of the strong faith and loyal co-operation of its members. Every day adds to the total, and if contributions are continued it will be but a short time till organizers are in every state of the Union.

The following shows the condition of the fund as reported by the national secretary Oct. 15:

THE FUND.	
Per Month.	
Mrs. W. W. Grier, \$5.00; James Spivey, Sr., \$2.00; T. W. Burge, \$5.00; Alex. Rankin, \$5.00; Charles Robinson, \$1.00; Daniel E. Egan, \$5.00; A. W. Wilson, Jr., \$1.00; Wm. J. Shears, \$5.00; John Crawford, \$1.00; L. Tagland, \$5.00; Rasin Valley W. C., \$1.00; Alfred D. Fisher, \$5.00; T. U., \$1.00; H. Close, \$5.00; Manchester, \$1.00; J. G. Spivey, \$5.00; S. E. Johns, \$5.00; J. H. Linsley, \$5.00; Others, \$7.16	
Previously reported, \$1,418.94	
Total, \$1,426.10	
SINGLE PAYMENTS OR BUDGETS MAKING MONTHLY AMOUNT OF \$1,426.10	
M. E. Payne, \$1,000.00; Wm. Thoms, \$5.00; J. W. Crawford, \$5.00; G. W. G. \$5.00; Mrs. E. W. A. Fish, \$5.00; Mrs. R. B. Camp, \$5.00; D. S. Active, \$5.00; Total, \$1,020.00	

Active operations have been commenced. Valuable help has been sent to struggling states, and now Chairman Dickie has met with the state committees and leading Prohibitionists of several of the states and instituted continuous operations.

In Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee well attended and earnest conferences were held. There was much enthusiasm, but the thought was prominent throughout that the meetings were for business.

The objective point is organization. Contracts will be made with good men, the agreement stipulating for co-operation between national and state committees and on the part of the organizer.

1. To secure the organization of the party in every county in the state so far as possible by the holding of county conventions and the appointment of county committees.

2. To secure thorough precinct organization on the plan indicated by the blanks prepared by the said national committee, and to do the utmost to secure such enrollments and reports as are provided for in such blanks.

3. To make reports as required to both the national committee and state committee, and to use his best efforts to secure prompt reports from precinct and county committees.

4. To urge and, as far as possible, secure the complete organization of the state by the holding of necessary conventions, the selection of congressional, senatorial, legislative, county and precinct committees.

5. To enlist all possible aid from volunteer workers, giving them needed suggestions and instructions, remembering that his own work will be imperfect and limited unless he can obtain active assistance and hearty co-operation from the rank and file of the party.

6. To make semi-monthly reports to both the national and state committees upon blanks furnished by the national committee.

7. To urge all Prohibitionists to subscribe for and read our party papers.

8. To solicit and receive funds in the name and on behalf of state committee, and to fully report all moneys received, together with the names and addresses of contributors, to both committees, semi-monthly.

Blanks have been prepared for lists of Prohibition and hopeful voters, reports of club work and for quarterly reports of party committees. The last provides for detailed quarterly reports of precinct and county work, and it is hoped that this system will be adopted uniformly in all states.

It is not the intention of the committee to limit operations to unorganized states, but to co-operate so far as possible with all states to strengthen and perfect the organization of the party at every point where it is weak.

The work now begun will not cease until every county has a strong and working organization.

A Sign of Progress.

The New York Standard, the single tax organ, said recently: Is it a sign of better days ahead that so much is said and written concerning temperance? Time was when a paragraph on temperance problems in the more important dailies looked lonesome; when temperance was touched most gingerly. The whole temperance vocabulary is now in constant use in the papers which mold public opinion.

A Small Proportion.

The most recent statistics of arrests for drunkenness in Maine in any one year show but four arrests to every thousand of the population. It should be borne in mind that in Maine they arrest drunkards who would be permitted to stroll in liberty in other states.

Investigation.

"They tell me one day, 'They tell me one day, 'What say you for now, anyhow? For the saloon, or home?'"

"For the saloon, sir, every time!"

"I don't tell his word, I know it was the truth he told."

"He said 'I don't tell his word!'"

"Once more I asked: 'Please do not speak, and tell me on the square!'"

"The fellow answered: 'At home, 'Most certainly I will!'"

"Turned away and the gut it over!"

"How he kept question did evade!"

"I guess he said his party's story."

"And made funds for the party's story."

"—from a cartoon in the Central News."

A Post Election Conversion.

When urging the repeal of Prohibition in Rhode Island The Providence Journal assured the voters that license would regulate all the disturbing elements. But now this same Journal says of Pleasant Bluff, near the city: "Rowdism and drunkenness prevail to a shocking extent, and half a dozen unlicensed places sell liquor with hardly a pretense at concealment, while view of every kind is flaunted in the face of the respectable residents and visitors."

A LITTLE CATECHISM.

A Specimen of The New Era's Orthodox Teaching.

Q.—What will have to be done before the political condition of this country can be improved?

A.—A new political party will have to be built founded on the general principles of good government and not on sectional strife.

Q.—How is a party built?

A.—By votes. There is no other way of building a party but by voting for its ticket.

Q.—Is there any party in the field which represents this general principle of good government—the greatest good to the greatest number?

A.—There is. The Prohibition party represents just that idea. It favors the prohibition of all forms of wrong and oppression; the protection of the people in their rights; the restraint of the strong who would take advantage of the weak; the union of all friends of good government, regardless of section or class, in one party for that purpose.

Q.—How can the Prohibition party be made to win?

A.—By voting its ticket and keeping on voting it till it wins.

A MOST IMPORTANT REMINDER.

The Prohibition Reform a Long War, and Needs Large Resources.

The newspapers almost daily report requests of large sums of money to different institutions, all more or less beneficial, and all helping in one way or the other to make the world better or to alleviate suffering.

We have not yet seen, however, any record of a bequest to help on the work of the Prohibition party. Nearly every week we read of the death of some earnest, loyal Prohibitionist, who during life gave of his substance to carry on the Prohibition reform. No doubt many who have gone to their long rest would gladly have bequeathed some of their wealth to keep up the work had they been reminded of it.

The Prohibition Trust Fund association was incorporated for the simple purpose of affording a legal receptacle for such bequests.

Those who desire to leave money or property for the benefit of advancing the cause of Prohibition can here find a safe trustee. Write to Secretary John Lloyd Thomas, 32 East Fourteenth street, New York city, for full particulars.

Miss Willard's Campaign.

Miss Frances E. Willard's Nebraska campaign was a series of ovations from first to last. In Lincoln the opera house was so densely crowded that more than a thousand people were unable to gain admission. In a single sentence Miss Willard answered all the trumped up figures of Rosewater and Webster in regard to the arrests for drunkenness in Maine and Nebraska, "In Maine they arrest the drunken man; in Nebraska he is so common that he is not arrested except on special occasions." These may not be the exact words, but the substance is here given and the facts therein stated are literally true.

Mississippi's Shame.

The saloon element won in the Mississippi constitutional convention. After debating all day, by a vote of 72 to 18 the majority report of the temperance committee was adopted, which declared agitation of the liquor question at this time as inopportune. Mississippi Prohibitionists held Bishop Galloway, of the M. E. Church South, responsible for the failure to secure a Prohibition clause in the proposed new constitution. His pleas for delay, "wait for public sentiment," were eagerly made an excuse. An awful responsibility to rest on a preacher of Christ's gospel.

Sweet Reasonableness.

They say that Prohibitionists are too much given to the use of harsh language. How is the following as a sample of sweetness from the enemy?

"It (Prohibition) is a base conspiracy of raving cranks, frothing fanatics, gibbering lunatics, frenzied bigots, designing knaves, rotten demagogues and unprincipled politicians, who would apply the torch of conflagration to the glorious temple of liberty bequeathed us by our fathers, and dance in fiendish revelry around the smoldering ruin."—Truth (?) Seeker.

Farm Finances.

Every time the farmer pockets \$3.50 for grain sold to the distiller or brewer he may have the sweet consolation of knowing that the grain he has just sold will cut its market for \$120 of other crops. The liquor traffic pays the farmer, don't you see? He gets a market for \$3.50 of products by sacrificing a market for \$120! Great financiering that!—New Era.

The People's Party.

The Prohibition party is the natural ally and friend of the wage earner. It has no leaning toward capitalist oppression. While the Prohibition party will probably be conservative in its legislation in regard to labor, its work will be in the line of justice. The Prohibition party is founded on the principle of equal rights, equal opportunities and equal power for all.

A Good Mixture.

"They say," said a reclaimed drinker, "we make teetotalism our religion; but we don't. I mix them together and they agree very well. I know if I lose my grip I shall take to drinking, and if I take to drinking I shall lose my grip, so I keep them together."

Workers, Get Ready.

Workers, get tickets ready, and plenty of them, and see that they are in the hands of true men at every voting precinct in your county. Don't delay this important matter.

Father Mathew's Fund.

So far \$17,916.65 has been raised for the establishment of the Father Mathew chair in the Catholic university at Washington.

A Market for Labor.

When a sober workman spends \$100 for furniture he employs twelve men at \$2 a day for one day to replace on the market the furniture he takes to his home. When a drunken workman spends \$100 for liquor he gives employment to one man for one day. He gets drunk several times on that hundred dollars; is arrested by policemen hired by the tax payers to take care of such cases; loses several days' work; his family is neglected, his home is bare, and all the result of the legalized liquor traffic.

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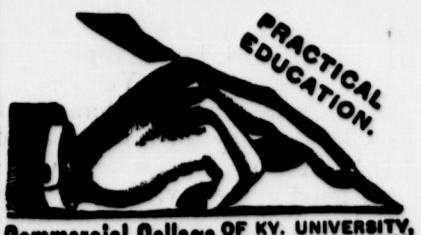
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Prof. on Prohibition.

Prof. — of this city, and had a talk, as we learned against an electric road post, lately. He is a bright man, of broad views, and a few years ago was a nominee of the Democratic party, and is still thoroughly identified with the party.

He says there is no doubt that the Prohibition question will soon be the great national political issue. He thinks that Prohibition ought to carry, but says that Prohibitionists ought not to get up a third party, but accomplish their purposes within one of the old parties. He thinks that third party Prohibition will not prohibit.

Taking him as a sample of our most intelligent Democrats, I want to answer his objections to Prohibition.

Of course, Prohibitionists are generally familiar with the objection that "Prohibition will not prohibit," and the answers to be made to it, but we must have "line upon line, and precept upon precept."

I have heard people who said that not only did Prohibition not prohibit, but that an effort to control the "personal liberty" of men by the Prohibition sumptuary law, actually made the people drink more than they would otherwise do. Liquor dealers, distillers and brewers would have the finest opportunity of seeing the practical working of the Prohibition law. If it were a fact that Prohibition increased the consumption of liquor, then, of course, these distillers and brewers would all be Prohibitionists, as the best means of stimulating their business.

If distillers and brewers had found out that the existence of a Prohibition law in a State did not effect the consumption of liquor sold in that State, they would be indifferent to any Prohibition contest that might be going on in any State.

But on either of these hypotheses, there are some singular facts in the business management of the liquor men. For instance, they have a great organization called the Liquor Protective Alliance. People don't get up protective alliances except to guard themselves and their business against their enemies, and they don't go into such alliances until they think their enemies are getting so formidable that the safety of their business demands this.

Consequently, we hear of Farmers' Alliances, when they consider that it is necessary to defend themselves against its natural enemy, organized capital.

Temperance crusades, in various forms, have been going on in this country for fifty years. They simply proposed to help mankind by converting individual drunkards by moral suasion and religious appeals. Their plans were so ineffectual that brewers and distillers paid no attention to them further than an occasional smile of contempt for a lot of fanatics. But when Prohibition laid the ax at the root of the tree, and proposed to stop their breweries and distilleries by law, these men began to come to their milk; and when two or three States had forced the whole liquor business out of their borders, they did not know where the evil would stop, and they began to organize and put their money to stop the encroachment that Prohibition was making upon their trade.

Now, in Nebraska, a State where Prohibition has been in force for years, the vote on Prohibition is to be re-submitted, and this Liquor Alliance has set aside \$50,000 to be used in the election to defeat Prohibition. Of course, these people are not spending this amount of their money for the gratification of a mere sentiment, or for a mere piece of petty spite; but they thus declare that, as a business transaction, the profits on liquor they would sell in Nebraska, if they could get rid of the Prohibition law there, would be so much more than \$50,000 that they are willing to spend that much even for a chance to begin their business there.

With facts like these before him, a man can not do full justice to his first-class, broad intelligence by the statement that "Prohibition does not prohibit."

If it is affirmed that Prohibition does not absolutely and effectually prohibit the liquor traffic, this will be admitted; but it is equally true that no law against any crime can effectually suppress that crime, and that theft, murder, arson, robbery, counterfeiting, forgery, perjury, carrying concealed weapons, and buying votes, are in daily occurrence in Kentucky, in spite of our statutes against them.

If, therefore, a man objects to Prohibition on the ground that it could not perfectly carry out its designs, he must, to be consistent, object to any of the Kentucky statutes on the same

ground. An argument that proves too much, proves nothing. When a man urges as his only objection to Prohibition the fact that, in his opinion, it will never carry, it is an admission that it ought to carry, and any man who is a broad-gauge thinker ought to try to make it go.

No man who thoroughly understands the genius of the American government, and the design of the elective franchise, can decline to vote for anything because he does not think that thing will win.

The right to vote is not given to a man as a means of expressing his opinion as to which side of an issue will win, but to express his opinion as to which side should win. Any man who votes simply for the purpose of being on the popular side, when his convictions are for the other side, is not a whit better than the man who sells his vote. The two men are equally influenced by mercenary considerations to go against their convictions. The purpose of civil government, in giving the right of suffrage to its citizens, is to have these citizens say to the general government what they, individually, want, in order that the government, having counted the preferences of its citizens, may proceed to make laws which will do the greatest good to the greatest number, one of the fundamental principles of good law.

When, therefore, a man votes to be on the popular side, and actually prefers something different that he could support by his vote, he misleads the governmental authority, that it is his duty to assist.

To put the logical deduction of the thing in the plainest, unvarnished English, the man who votes to sustain the Democratic party, when he really wishes the Prohibition party to succeed, willfully deceives his fellow-citizens. It is a fact that you can hardly find a respectable farmer in Dog Fennel precinct who will not tell you that he would like to see Prohibition succeed.

From the Oldest Member and Sunday School Teacher of the Christian Church in this City.

Dear Charlie—I call you by this familiar appellation, because I have known you from boyhood up. Yes, I knew your father and grandfather before you, and know you come from genuine, high-blooded stock, and have good reason to believe that the true blood of your ancestry runs through your veins, so far as honesty and integrity are concerned. I knew Charles Chilton Moore, your father, only to love and honor him as a Christian gentleman, and your grandfather, Barton W. Stone, needs no commendation from me, for his character as a noble hearted Christian gentleman and preacher are known and read of all men. About the first vote I ever cast was for that noble old genuine old Henry Clay Whig, Chilton Moore, for a seat in the State Legislature. His opponent was James G. McKinney, who was extremely fond of his toddy and visiting saloons. I only call your attention to this incident (which took place when you were a boy) to show the manners in politics away back yonder. When the hour to close the polls drew near, it appeared that Chilton Moore was smartly in the lead of McKinney. Now was the time for McKinney and his party, led on by some whisky-loving Democrats, to lay their schemes to defeat Moore. They put up the plea that they had the right to keep the polls open until twelve o'clock at night. Moore objected at first, but, being such a good hearted, honorable man, he finally consented, and the scheming, dirty work began, especially after dark came on. Yes, they chose darkness, rather than light, because they had dirty deeds to perform. I was told, on pretty good authority, that they caught up a dirty old fellow from the country, and voted him three times, by changing his clothes, and the judges did not have good light like we have now—tallow dips were our principal lights then. They were so hard run toward the last that they dressed up one of our fancy women in men's clothing and voted her for McKinney. Well, when the town clock struck twelve, McKinney lead Moore a few votes. They played the same old dirty Democratic game on Moore that they played on us at our last Railroad election; but they did their dirty work in the broad, open daylight, without the least compunction of conscience.

And it is not horrible to think that gentlemen, so-called, filling responsible offices in our dear old Commonwealth, can get down to such low, dirty work, for the sake of money and office, and do such work under the guise of that

sacred word called Democracy?

I sometimes think if it were possible for the venerated old President, Thomas Jefferson, the very father of Democracy, could raise his old gray head from the sleeping tomb, where it has lain some hundred years, could look out and see that venerated old flag containing the stars and stripes, the ensign of all pure Democracy, floating over this corrupt, whisky cursed Democratic city, so-called, we might well suppose that the poor old President would sink back to his retirement with disgust and say, "Oh, how has the mighty old flag fallen!"

Now, in conclusion, I will say that I have read the last two numbers of The Blade (especially the last one) with much pleasure, and I do feel so much more encouraged to think and realize that the Prohibitionists here in this community have a monthpiece through which we can make the grand principles we advocate, known and be read every week by every one, and from my very heart of hearts I say go on, and the very God of Peace will be with us; for we know assuredly that we have the truth, God's holy truth; and if we have the truth, it is mighty and will prevail, and we should never go back against the truth, as some have done, but stand steadily and immovably, and we will conquer; for it is God's work.

You have what little influence I have, and also the little pittance I gave towards this work; you are welcome to it and as much more, if necessary, to accomplish this grand reformatory work.

WILLIAM VAN PELT.

To the Covington Commonwealth.

DEAR SIR: I said some things in the BLADE lately that made all the editors in Lexington cry, and say I was naughty, and that they were going to take all their dollars and not play with me any more. I was just as sorry as I could be, because I felt so lonely and out in the cold, and I told everybody so.

I was like a country dog come to town, and when all the town dogs jumped on me and wiped up the street with me until it looked like a pocket edition of a Louisville cyclone had been around there, all the papers in the State, except you, said it was not their funeral; that it was a little family racket among Lexington editors, and with every editor but you there was some little sympathy for the dog under the bottom.

Your big neighbor across the river, the Cincinnati Commercial, gave away to its jollity in a column or so, all in my favor. The Courier Journal spoke in very complimentary terms of me; and the Frankfort Argus came out like a little man and said there "ought to be some more Moores to clean out the political rottenness of Lexington." I quote from memory.

Some papers outside of Lexington saw cause to read me a lecture, but everybody except you, put a little cream in the mustard plaster that he stuck on me, just to keep up the appearance of "scorching" me, as they thought party fealty demanded that they should do, but really fixing things so that it would not burn so bad after all.

They went through the performance of martyring me, and when they had me tied to the stake they put a lot of lightning bugs all over me and in the dark played "tend like it was sure enough fire."

But you joined in with the Lexington brethren of the quill, as if you felt yourself personally offended at the crusade I was making on Lexington whisky, and played the role of a "rank outsider," as one of my correspondents expressed it.

Now I am not objecting to the fact that you went for me, but I am only complaining that you did not do it in better style while you were about it. I want to elevate the standard of Kentucky journalism, and if you had only dropped me a postal that you were going to blast me, I might have assisted you by giving you some pointers that would have made your article so much stronger.

In all the racket that the little thing raised the only literature worth putting in a scrap book, that anybody wrote, were some verses written for the Lexington Press by Judge Mulligan.

I speak thus positively because I know he is the only man in the town that has the genius to do it. But it miscarried and nobody paid any attention to it because the times were too hot to be toiling with poetry, when everybody wanted the straightest article of the King's English.

The Judge's poetry rung all the changes and got in all the puns conceivable, on my own name and that of my paper; did it in good style, and I believe that since things have cooled

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down some, the Judge's poetry would be appreciated if the Press would publish it again. But what I was going to say about you is, that you damage the journalistic reputation of the whole State by failing to make good points. I don't know you personally, do not even know the name of the editor of the Commonwealth; but, from the tone of the article, I think I may safely assume that I am writing to some one who is quite a youth, and I hope that the frost on my head will pardon my presumption in thus addressing you.

Thales of Miletus said, "Know your opportunity." If you had only stopped after you had made your first point, that the gentlemen about whom I spoke disparagingly, in the too great ardor of political discussion, were those who had been honored by the people of this, the finest country in the world, with the usual "pennyrite" tribute to bluegrass, and finished with some such Latin quotation as "Vox populi, vox Dei," you would have had me annihilated.

Or if you did not happen to know that particular piece of Latin, almost any other Latin quotation would have done, for there is nothing that so excites the admiration of the average newspaper reader, as for an editor to write something that the reader aforesaid can't understand.

I have done this with great effect for years, and if the BLADE does make a journalistic success, I will attribute it largely to this happy discovery of mine.

Turn over in the back part of Webster's dictionary and you can find plenty of these expressions, and you can attribute them to Lily, Sallust, Horace, Virgil, Cicero or any Latin author that you may happen to have heard about.

But you must learn to "quaff while your credit is good." You began to spoil the effect of what you had already gained by the statement that I was persecuting men because they were "poor." That might pass down about Covington perhaps, but it sounded awful up here.

I suppose any one of the gentlemen I was criticizing could pay you from five to ten times as much as you would be willing to take for your paper, without any special financial inconvenience to him.

One of them is the only heir to a handsome estate, and owns the whole town of Granard all to himself.

Another one lives in elegant style, has a good fortune now, a better one coming, and has a splendid salary.

Another one has one of the finest farms in the country, finest stock in the country and a fine office.

What you said is calculated to injure their financial standing.

Then you went on to say that I persecuted some gentlemen "because of their religion, or their want of religion."

Now you see the idea of my persecuting a man for his religion and his want of religion at one and the same time, is so incomprehensible to the average understanding, that your readers can't clearly appreciate what it is that you mean to say I did.

If you had stated that I persecuted them for their religion, or that I persecuted them for their want of religion. Either one would have been accepted as true by the press and politicians of the State, but you fixed it so that each clause of your sentence neutralized the other.

If you will observe these suggestions you may succeed in journalism when you arrive at years of greater discretion.

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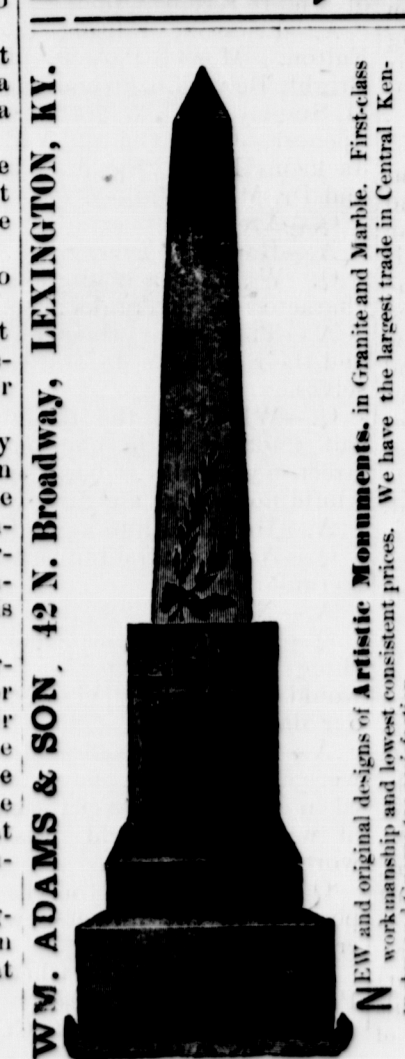
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